

MARVEL
COMICS

THE
WAR

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BOOK
THREE





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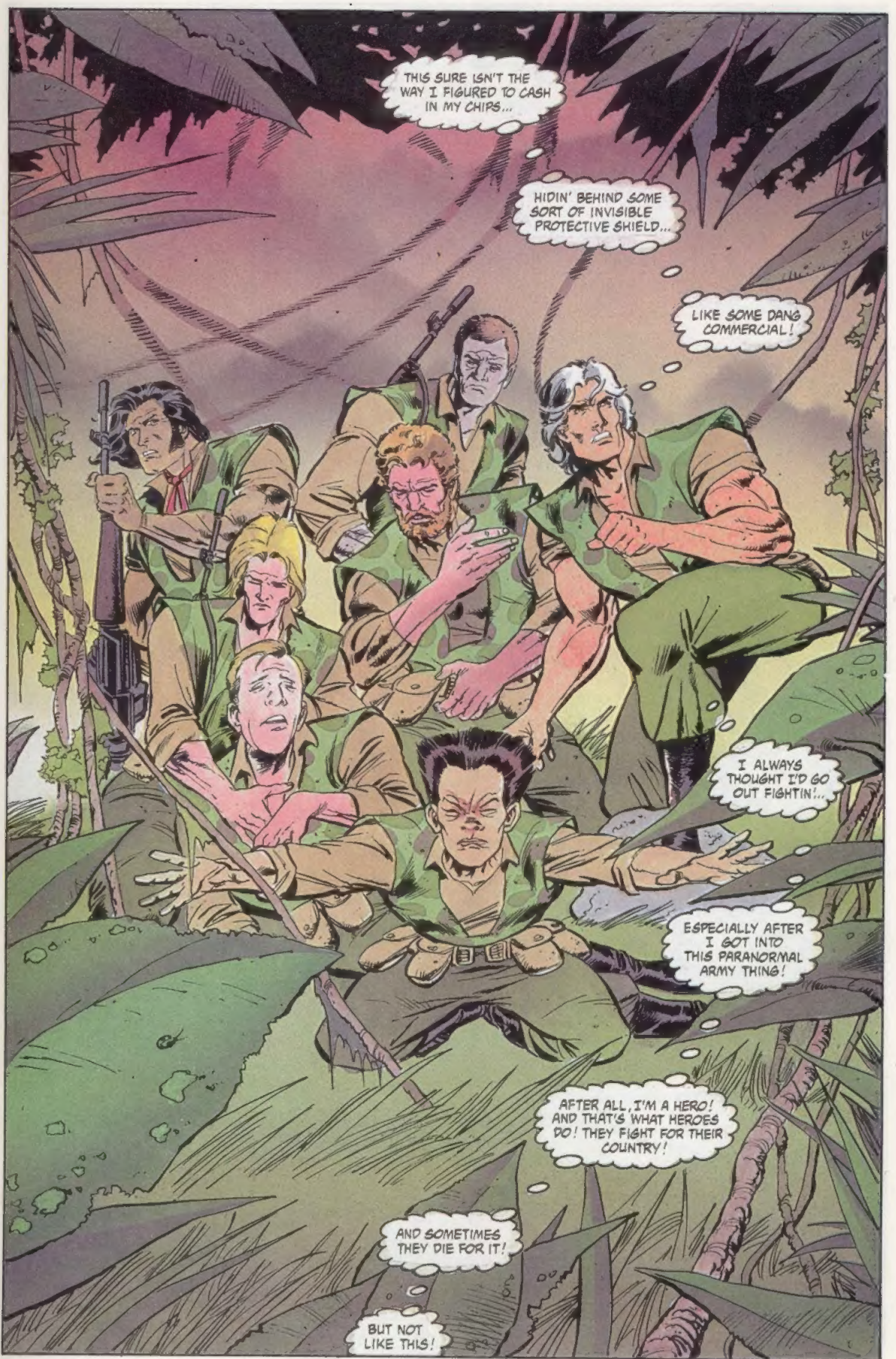
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RETALIATION

RETALIATION



THIS SURE ISN'T THE
WAY I FIGURED TO CASH
IN MY CHIPS...

HIDIN' BEHIND SOME
SORT OF INVISIBLE
PROTECTIVE SHIELD...

LIKE SOME DANG
COMMERCIAL!

I ALWAYS
THOUGHT I'D GO
OUT FIGHTIN'...

ESPECIALLY AFTER
I GOT INTO
THIS PARANORMAL
ARMY THING!

AFTER ALL, I'M A HERO!
AND THAT'S WHAT HEROES
DO! THEY FIGHT FOR THEIR
COUNTRY!

AND SOMETIMES
THEY DIE FOR IT!

BUT NOT
LIKE THIS!



TRAPPED!
HELPLESS!

WATCHING DEATH FLY
RIGHT OVER MY HEAD!

AND WHAT
A DEATH!



FIRST, A HUGE EXPLOSION!
A BLINDING WHITE FLASH THAT
WE'LL BE ABLE TO SEE
FROM HERE!



THEN A WAVE OF SEARING
HEAT! HEAT THAT'LL MELT
THE FLESH RIGHT OFF OUR
BODIES...

AND, EVENTUALLY,
THE RADIATION. ROTTING
WHATEVER'S LEFT...

AND ALL I CAN
DO... ALL ANY OF
US CAN DO...

...IS COVER HERE
AND WAIT FOR IT!

AND WHILE JACK MAGNICONTE
AWAITS DEATH DEEP IN THE
AFRICAN JUNGLE...



...OTHER MEN PREPARE FOR
THE SAME SORT OF DEATH
IN THE HEART OF THE
CIVILIZED WORLD.



WELL, IT'S
DONE.



WE'VE FINALLY DONE
IT. FINALLY STARTED
THE LAST WAR.

THE WAR THAT
NONE OF US CAN
SURVIVE.



THAT'S STILL TO BE
SEEN, SIR, SHALL WE
RETIRE TO THE
SHELTER?



NO, NO
SHELTERS
FOR ME.

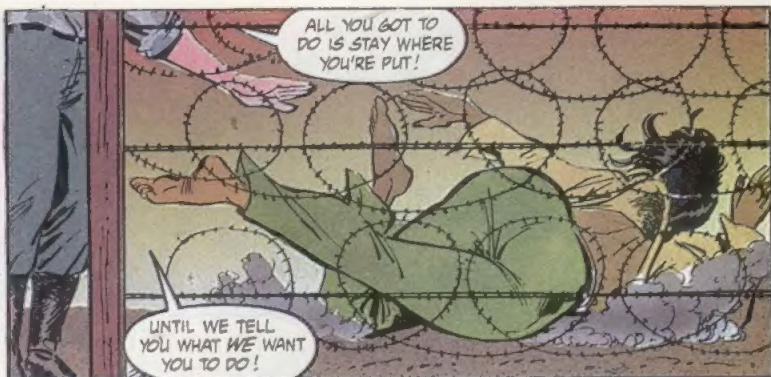


A GREAT SILENCE FALLS
OVER THE WHITE HOUSE
AS THE FIRST MISSILES
FIND THEIR TARGET.



GOT TO WARN THE
PENTAGON! GOT
TO...

GET IN
THERE,
KAFFIR!



ALL YOU GOT TO
DO IS STAY WHERE
YOU'RE PUT!

UNTIL WE TELL
YOU WHAT WE WANT
YOU TO DO!



WALTERS?
JEFF? ARE...ARE
YOU OKAY?



IT'S ALL MY FAULT!
I SHOULD HAVE KNOWN!
SHOULD HAVE FIGURED
IT OUT!

ALL MY
FAULT!



AND AS KATHI BLIZZARD
TRIES TO COME TO GRIPS
WITH HER OWN SENSE OF
FAILURE, SEVERAL HUND-
RED YARDS AWAY...

I DON'T UNDERSTAND!
SHOULDN'T WE BE ABLE TO
SEE THE CLOUD BY NOW?

I WOULD
THINK SO. IS IT
POSSIBLE...

COULD THE
PARANORMALS
HAVE SOMEHOW
STOPPED OUR
MISSILES?

IMPOSSIBLE!
SUCH POWER DOES
NOT EXIST!

DOES IT?

AND WHILE COLONEL OORT AND HIS CRONIES TRY TO FIGURE OUT WHAT WENT WRONG WITH THEIR MASTER PLAN, DEEP IN THE JUNGLE, JACK MAGNICONTE AND HIS MEN REALIZE...

WE'RE STILL ALIVE!

SOMETHING MUST HAVE HAPPENED! MAYBE WE MANAGED TO DISABLE THEIR WARHEADS AFTER ALL!

THAT MEANS WE STILL HAVE A CHANCE...

GARTH? IS THERE SOMETHING WRONG WITH YOUR ARM?

I THINK IT'S DISLOCATED, SIR. WHEN THE MISSILE HIT ME, IT JUST POPPED OUT.

I CAN FIX THAT. WE USED TO HAVE A GUY ON THE KICKERS WITH A TRICK SHOULDER THAT'D GO OUT ALL THE TIME...

YOU JUST GRAB THE ARM LIKE THIS, AND...

EHHH! THANKS! I THINK...

NOW, AS I WAS SAYING... WE'VE STILL GOT A JOB THAT NEEDS TO BE DONE, AND BEIN' AS WE'RE STILL BREATHIN', I GUESS WE SHOULD DO IT.

SGT. HALDEMAN! I WANT YOU TO TAKE SAHNO, GARTH, AND LAO AND HEAD BACK TO THAT REBEL CAMP...



SOME MINUTES
LATER, DEEPER
IN THE BUSH...

HOW COME WE
GET TO DO THE
DIRTY WORK?
WHY CAN'T...?

SHUT UP AND
KEEP MOVING! JUST
WATCH WHERE YOU
PUT YOUR FEET!



FREEZE!



IT'S A TRIP
WIRE!

WE MUST
BE NEAR THE
CAMP.



WHAT DOES IT
DO, SARGE?

WE DON'T WANT
TO FIND OUT, NOW
DO WE?



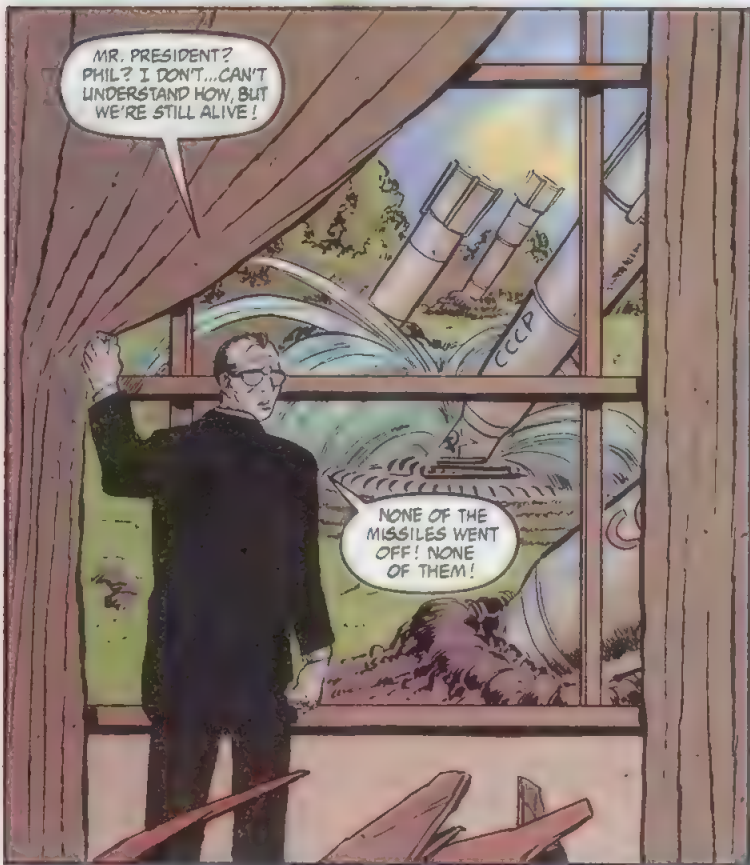
JUST FOLLOW
ME AND KEEP
FROSTY!



CAMP SHOULD BE
JUST ABOUT...

OH MY!

AND AS A BOMB
RAGES IN DARKEST
AFRICA THE SHOTS
COME BACK ON IN
WASHINGTON DC

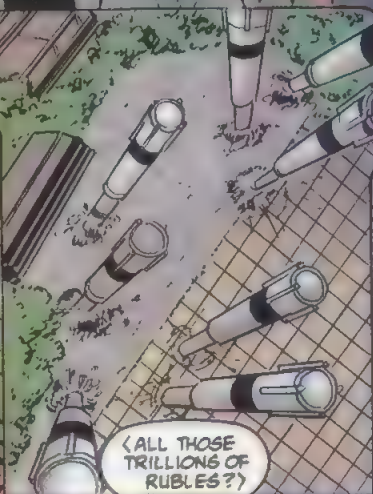
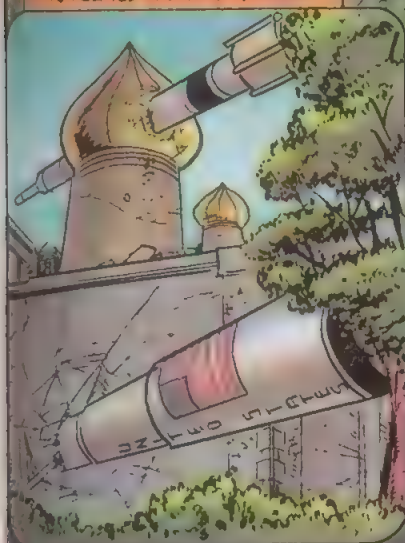


AND A PRESIDENTIAL AIDE SCURRIES
TO CONTACT THE CIA DEEP UNDER
THE SOVIET CAPITOL...

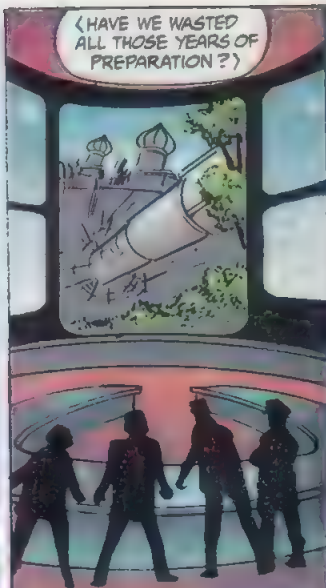
<IT IS BEYOND
BELIEF!>*

<IS IT POSSIBLE?
COULD ALL OUR SCIENTISTS
HAVE BEEN SO WRONG?>

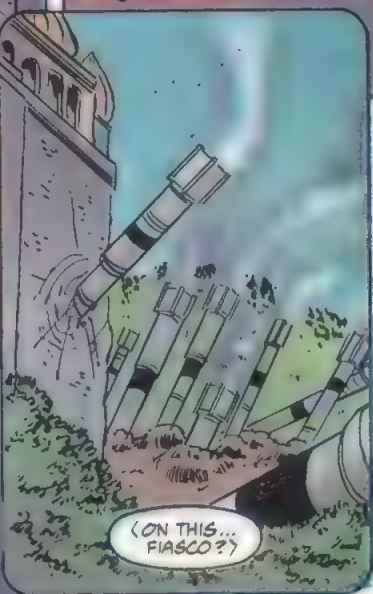
*TRANSLATED FROM THE RUSSIAN.



<ALL THOSE
TRILLIONS OF
RUBLES?>



<HAVE WE WASTED
ALL THOSE YEARS OF
PREPARATION?>



<ON THIS...
FIASCO?>

<THIS IS AN
OUTRAGE! SOMEONE
MUST BE MADE TO
PAY FOR...>

<THE PURGES CAN
WAIT. WE NEED TO MAKE
PLANS ON WHAT IS TO
BE DONE NOW!>

<PLAN, PLAN, PLAN! THAT
IS ALL YOU OLD MEN EVER
DO! I HAVE ALREADY
MADE MY PLANS!>



<WE HAVE TO
ACT BEFORE...>



<AND MY MEN
WILL ACCOMPLISH
THEM! NOW!>

AS THE SURVIVORS OF THE
DEVASTATED CAMP MAKE ONE
LAST DESPERATE EFFORT TO
FINISH THE BERSERK PITBULL...

THEIR TARGET SUDDENLY
SOBERS UP, COMING TO
REALIZE WHERE HE IS...

AND HOW
VULNERABLE
HE IS!

GOT TO GET
OUT OF HERE!
I'M TOUGH!

BUT I AIN'T
BULLETPROOF!

HE'S GONNA CATCH
IT! PICARO!! GET
DOWN!

GO GO GO GO GO!
GET TO COVER!

GIVE HIM SOME
COVER! OPEN UP!

AND AS WALDEMAN AND HIS LITTLE
GROUP FIGHT A DESPERATE BATTLE
FOR LIFE HALF A WORLD AWAY
ANOTHER MAN FINDS HIMSELF IN
CONTACT WITH AN ARMY OF THE
DEAD

YOU KILLED
US, HARLEY
MOOK!

NOW WE'RE GOING
TO KILL YOU!
WE'RE COMING
FOR YOU, HARLEY!

IT'S YOUR
TIME TO
DIE NOW!



CAN'T MOVE, CAN'T
SCREAM, GOT TO DO
SOMETHING!



CAN'T LET
THEM GET ME!
CAN'T...

HARLEY!

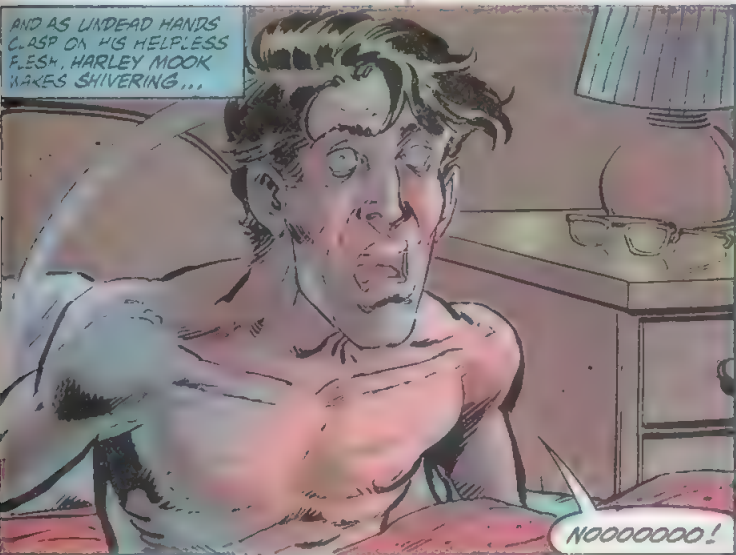
MOOK!

KILL!

DEAD!

TAKE YOU
WITH US!

AND AS UNDEAD HANDS
CLASP ON HIS HELPLESS
FLESH, HARLEY MOOK
WAKES SHIVERING...



NOOOOOOOO!



DREAM!
IT WAS JUST
A DREAM!

NO! I DON'T HAVE
DREAMS LIKE THAT! THERE'S
SOMETHING WRONG! SOME-
ONE TRYING...

AND AS HARLEY MOOK BEGINS THE LONG FIGHT TO REGAIN HIS COMPOSURE, SEVERAL MILES CUT TO SEA

HE HAD THE DREAM, ALL RIGHT.

AND IT WON'T BE THE LAST!

COFFEE?

THANKS.

YEAH. I KNOW.

BUT I'VE GOT A JOB TO FINISH. I OWE THAT MUCH TO ALL THE INNOCENTS THAT MANIAC HAS ALREADY KILLED...

YOU KNOW THIS ALL MEANS NOTHING, DON'T YOU?

WE SAW THE MISSILES. FOR ALL WE KNOW, THE WHOLE WORLD IS AT WAR BY NOW.

AND ALL THE ONES HE STILL MIGHT KILL.

IF THERE'S ANYONE LEFT TO KILL AFTER THIS IS OVER!

AND AS KEITH REMSEN
PONDERES THE BREADTH OF
HIS RESPONSIBILITIES...

...WILL IT
DO ANY GOOD
AT ALL?

AND EVEN IF
IT DOES, CAN I
STAND THE
PAIN?

ALL THAT
PAIN!

WHY SHOULD I
DO IT FOR HIM?

WHY...?

BECAUSE I'M
SUPPOSED TO BE
HIS COMMANDER!

WHY AM I EVEN
THINKING ABOUT THIS?

WERE ALL THOSE
REMF BOZOS RIGHT?
ARE WOMEN TOO
WEAK?

AM I TOO
WEAK?

THERE'S ONLY ONE
WAY TO FIND OUT!

AND AS KATHI BLIZZARD
MAKES CONTACT WITH
THE NEARLY CATATONIC
MIND OF JEFF WALTERS,
SHE IS FLOODED WITH
PAIN...

WITH THE HORROR OF
REPEATED DEFEAT...

ARGHHHH!

THE AGONY
OF FAILURE.

AND AS KATHI
BLIZZARD SUFFERS...

OTHER EYES
WATCH...

AND FOR THE FIRST
TIME, TAKE ON A
GLINT OF INTEREST.

SOME MILES AWAY...

STINKIN' BUSS! HOPE WE DON'T CATCH MALARIA!

FINALLY!
THE LIMBORO RIVER!

WHERE ARE THE BOATS?

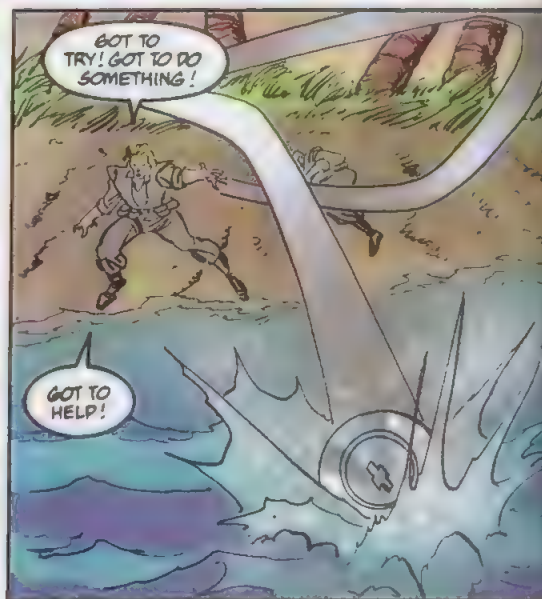
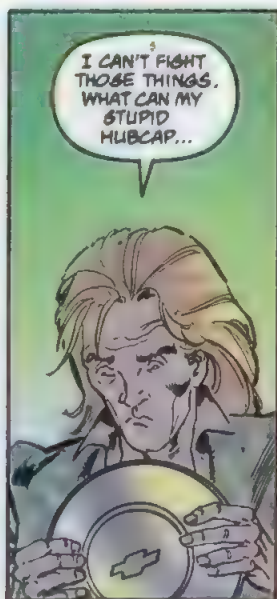
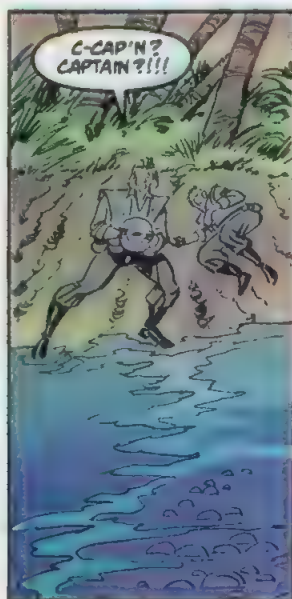
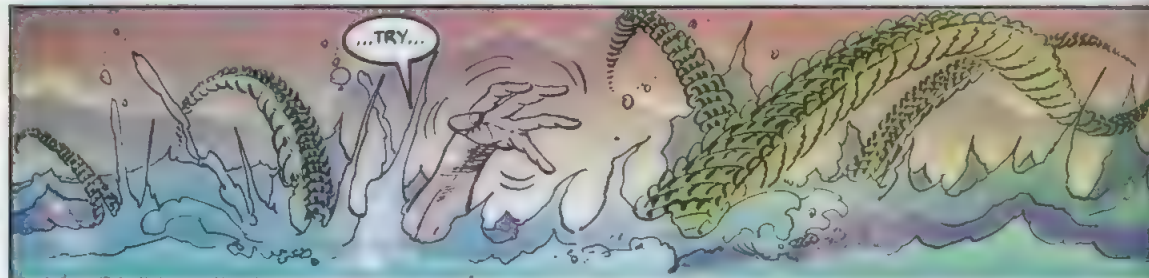
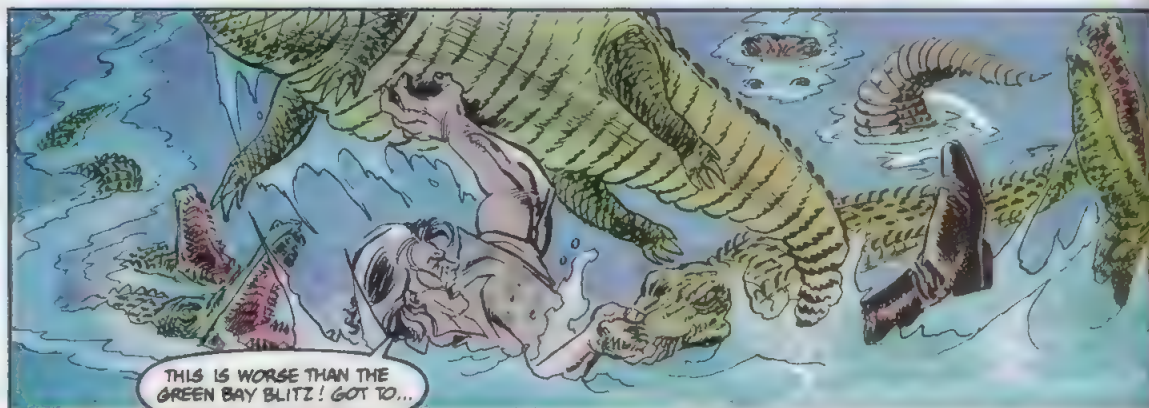
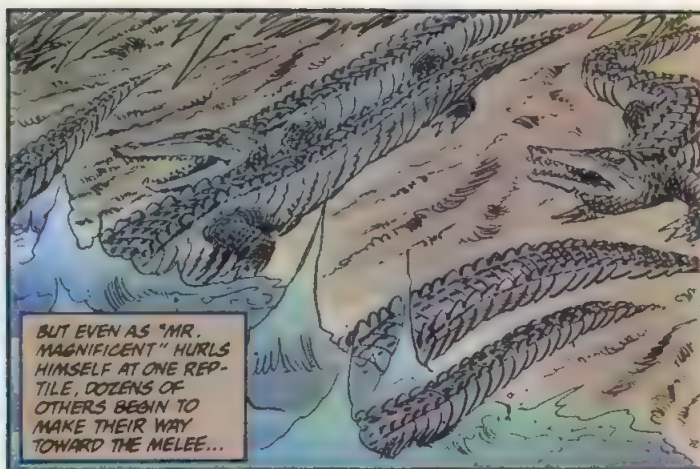
C'MON, KID! DID YOU REALLY THINK OUR BUDDIES DOWN SOUTH WOULD LEAVE 'EM FOR US?

DON'T WORRY ABOUT IT. WE'LL CROSS THE OLD FASHIONED WAY. AFTER ALL, IF STANLEY AND LIVINGSTON COULD DO IT...

MAYBE WE SHOULD HAVE STOPPED FOR A REST FIRST. HOW ARE YOU STANDIN' UP TO THE STRAIN OF CARRYIN'...

WHAT?
OH MY...!

HOLY...!



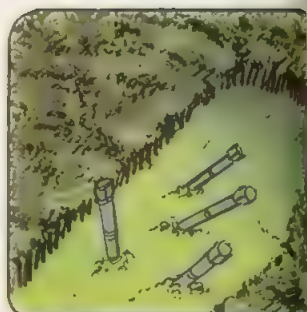
SEVERAL ANXIOUS
MOMENTS LATER...



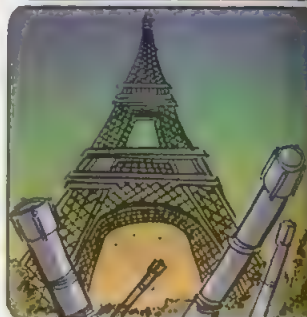
AS JACK MAGNICONTE LAUGHS,
HIS STRENGTH RETURNING, HALF
A WORLD AWAY, ANOTHER
POWERFUL MAN STRAINS TO
RECOVER HIS MENTAL BALANCE...

A BALANCE SEVERELY
STRAINED IN THE LAST
FEW DAYS...

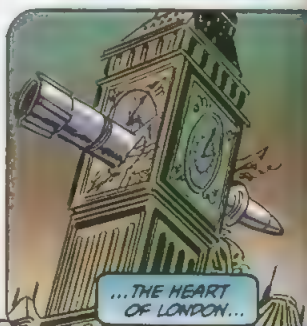
ALL RIGHT! LET'S
SEE WHAT THE NETWORKS
ARE MAKING OF IT!



...WITH SEEMINGLY FLAWLESS
ACCURACY. NEW YORK'S CENTRAL
PARK...



...THE VERY CENTER
OF PARIS...



...THE HEART
OF LONDON...

...ALL WERE SUCCESSFULLY
TARGETED. ALL ARE SUBSTANTIALLY
UNHARMED.

OUR BEST MINDS TELL US
THAT THERE IS NO RATIONAL
EXPLANATION FOR WHY THESE
WEAPONS DID NOT DECONVATE.

IS THERE A GOD? IS IT
BY VIRTUE OF HIS MERCY
THAT WE ARE ALL ALIVE
TODAY?

WE DON'T
KNOW, AND...

TURN IT
OFF!

YES
SIR, THEN
WHAT...

THAT'S THE
QUESTION. WHAT
DO WE DO
NEXT?

THAT CLINCHES IT!
THEY DON'T KNOW WHAT'S
GOING ON ANY MORE
THAN WE DO!

AS THE PRESIDENT AND HIS
AIDES PREPARE FOR THE OR-
DEALS TO COME, JACK
MAGN'CONTE AND HIS
CHARGES REACH WHAT THEY
THINK IS THE END OF THEIRS...

JUST A LITTLE
FURTHER, CHRIS.
KEEP ON A LITTLE
MORE AND...

I'LL BE DARNED!
THERE IT IS! WE MADE
IT! NOW TO CALL
FOR...

HEY IN THERE!
IT'S US! WE'RE
BACK!

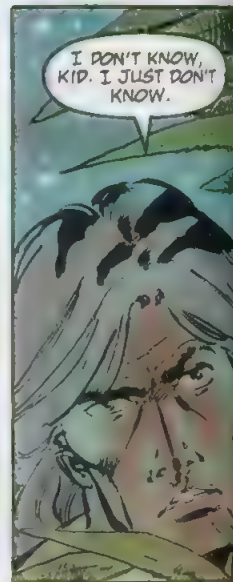
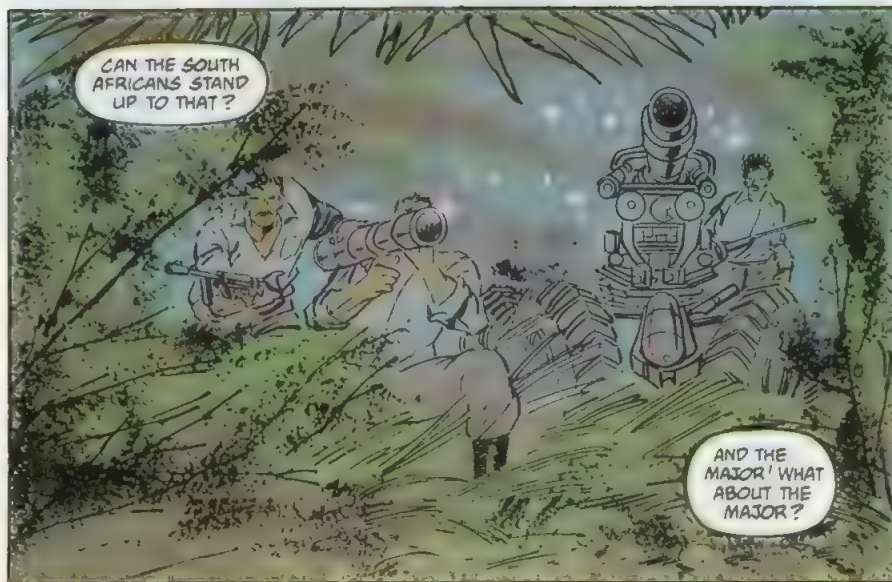
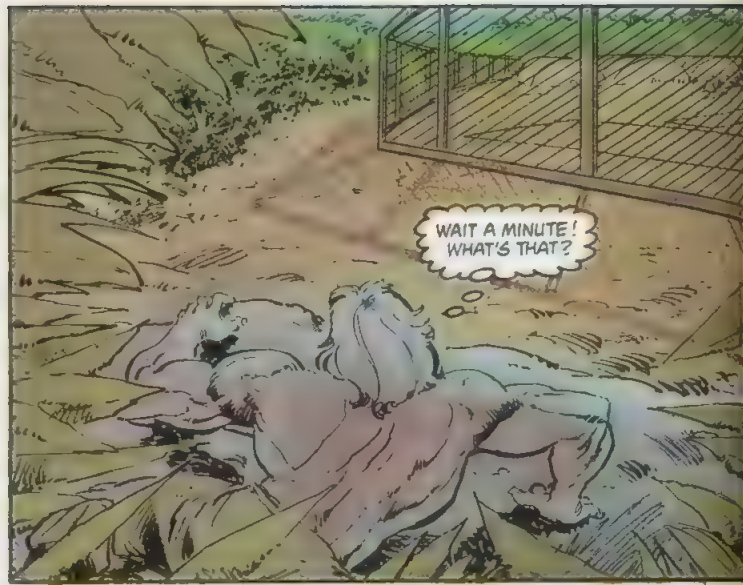
IT IS THEM!
REMEMBER OUR
ORDERS!

LET'S GET
IT OVER WITH!

HEY! IT'S
US! WE'RE YOUR
...FRIENDS?!

THEY'RE
SERIOUS!

GET DOWN,
CHRIS! GET YOUR
HEAD DOWN!



AS JACK MAGNICONTE STRUGGLES TO COME UP WITH SOME SORT OF PLAN, COLONEL OORT IS LEFT TO COPE WITH A SCHEME THAT'S COME COMPLETELY UNRAVELLED...

COLONEL!
THE REBELS, SIR!
THEY'VE GOT US
SURROUNDED!

WHAT DO WE
DO, SIR! WHAT
DO WE DO?

WE FIGHT, YOU DAF! IF
WE CAN'T KILL THE KAFFIRS
ON OUR OWN GROUND, WE
DON'T DESERVE TO WIN!
NOW DO WE?

BUT THEIR
WEAPONS...!

GET BACK
TO THE WALLS!
FIGHT OR DIE!

AS OORT TRIES TO
RALLY HIS MEN TO
FIGHT THE ONCOMING
REBELS, KATHI BLIZ-
ZARD BEGINS HER
FIGHT TO REGAIN
CONSCIOUSNESS...

NEVER REALIZING
HOW IMPORTANT
IT IS SHE WIN...

UNTIL...

GET AWAY
FROM ME!

AND STAY
AWAY!

YOU MISERABLE
EXCUSE FOR A MAN!
TRYING...

TAKE IT EASY, GIRL!
LOOK AT THE POOR MORON.
HE'S NO THREAT, AND IT'S
NOT HIS FAULT--IT'S THE
PEOPLE WHO MADE
HIM LIKE THIS...

WHAT ELSE COULD
HE BE--IN A PLACE
LIKE THIS.

BUT I DON'T HAVE THAT
EXCUSE. CAN'T HIDE ANY
MORE. I'VE GOT A JOB
TO DO!

ONE THAT HAS
TO BE DONE!

NO MATTER HOW
MUCH IT HURTS!

NO MATTER
WHAT IT COSTS
ME!

I OWE IT TO JEFF--AND
TO THE REST OF THEM!

AS KATHI BLIZZARD PREPARES FOR THE FIGHT OF HER LIFE...

THERE'S NO QUESTION OF IT, SIR.



THE SATELLITE PICTURES SHOW THEM CLEARLY.

HOW CAN YOU BE SURE OF THAT!

DOZENS OF SHIPS, ALL LOADED TO THE GILLS WITH MEN...



INFRARED READINGS, SIR. QUITE INFALLIBLE.

CUBA, SIR. ALL WITHIN THE LAST TWO DAYS.

AND WHERE ARE THEY FROM?



THAT IDIOT CASTRO! WHAT DOES HE THINK HE'S PLAYING AT?!



AND WHAT DO WE DO ABOUT IT?



AS THE CUBAN SHIPS
STEAM TOWARD THE
COAST OF AFRICA...

ANOTHER SHIP LIES
THERE, ANCHORED
AND WAITING...

WAITING FOR IT
KNOWS NOT WHAT...

I KNOW THERE WERE
MISSILES FIRED! WHAT
HAS HAPPENED? WHY
HAS THERE BEEN NO
RESPONSE FROM MOSCOW?

WHAT IS HAPPENING?
HAS THE WHOLE WORLD
GONE MAD WHILE I SIT
HERE IN THE MIDDLE
OF NOWHERE?

SECONDS LATER...

CUBANS!
ALREADY ON
THEIR WAY!

AND I AM
TO WAIT. ALWAYS
TO WAIT!

WAIT FOR
WHAT! THE END
OF THE WORLD??!

COLONEL!
URGENT
MESSAGE FROM
THE KREMLIN!

AT LAST!





KILL ME, HARLEY?

HOW CAN YOU KILL YOUR CONSCIENCE? YOUR DREAM SELF?

YOU'RE WELCOME TO TRY. I'M WAITING RIGHT NOW. IN A SHIP OFF THE COAST.



COME AND VISIT ME, HARLEY. REAL SOON. IF YOU HAVE THE NERVE.

BUT FOR NOW...



HAVE A GOOD TIME PLAYING WITH YOUR FRIENDS...



THEY'VE BEEN DYING TO SEE YOU!



NOOOOOOOO! GET THEM AWAY!

DIE DIE DIE!



DIE, HARLEY!

YOU KILLED US, HARLEY!

JOIN US HARLEY!



Noooo!

HE'S TOTALLY INSANE! JUST LIKE THE...

THIS MAN IS TO LEAD US!

DOES HE SEE SOMETHING WE CANNOT?

OR IS HE JUST MAD?

AS HARLEY MOOK BATTLES
WITH THE RESULTS OF HIS
DEADLY SUCCESSSES...

ANOTHER MAN TRIES TO
CONTEND WITH THE SPECTRES
OF HIS FAILURES...

FAILURES THAT HAVE
COST HIM ALL HE HOLDS
DEAR IN THE WORLD...

I DID
IT AGAIN!
I FAILED.
AGAIN!

WHY, DEAR GOD?
WHY DO I ALWAYS
FAIL?!

HIS NAME IS JEFF
WALTERS. THEY CALL
HIM BLUR.

HE HAS THE SPEED OF
A GOD, SPEED BEYOND
THAT OF ANY MAN, ANY
CREATURE ON THE FACE
OF THE EARTH...

AND YET, DESPITE THIS
SPEED, HE HAS NEVER
WON A RACE THAT
COUNTS...

THE RACE FOR THE LIFE
OF HIS FAMILY, LOST IN
THE CATAclysmic
CREATION OF THE PITT...

THE RACE FOR THE LIFE OF
THE WORLD, LOST AS ATOMIC
MISSILES FLEW JUST PAST
HIS STRAINING FINGERTIPS..

THE RACE FOR THAT SELF-ESTEEM
VITAL TO LIFE ITSELF.

HE KNEELS HERE, LOST AND
ALONE IN THE DISMAL DARK-
NESS OF HIS OWN CREATION...

THE DARKNESS OF A
SOUL WITHOUT HOPE...

A DARKNESS THAT CAN
BE BROKEN ONLY BY
THE TOUCH OF ANOTHER...

ONE WHO CARES.

CARES ENOUGH TO HAVE
RISKED HER OWN SOUL
TO BRING HIM COMFORT...

TO BRING LIGHT
INTO HIS DARKNESS...

THE LIGHT OF LOVE
AND UNDERSTANDING.





BUT EVEN AS ONE
PARANORMAL IS
SAVED...

KEEP RUNNING!
THEY'RE RIGHT BE-
HIND US!

LET'S HOPE
THEY DON'T SEE
THE KID!



AND AS THE REBELS RACE
TO KILL THEIR FOES, THEY
DO NOT SEE "THE KID",
LYING IN THE SCRUB,
WAITING FOR HIS CHANCE...

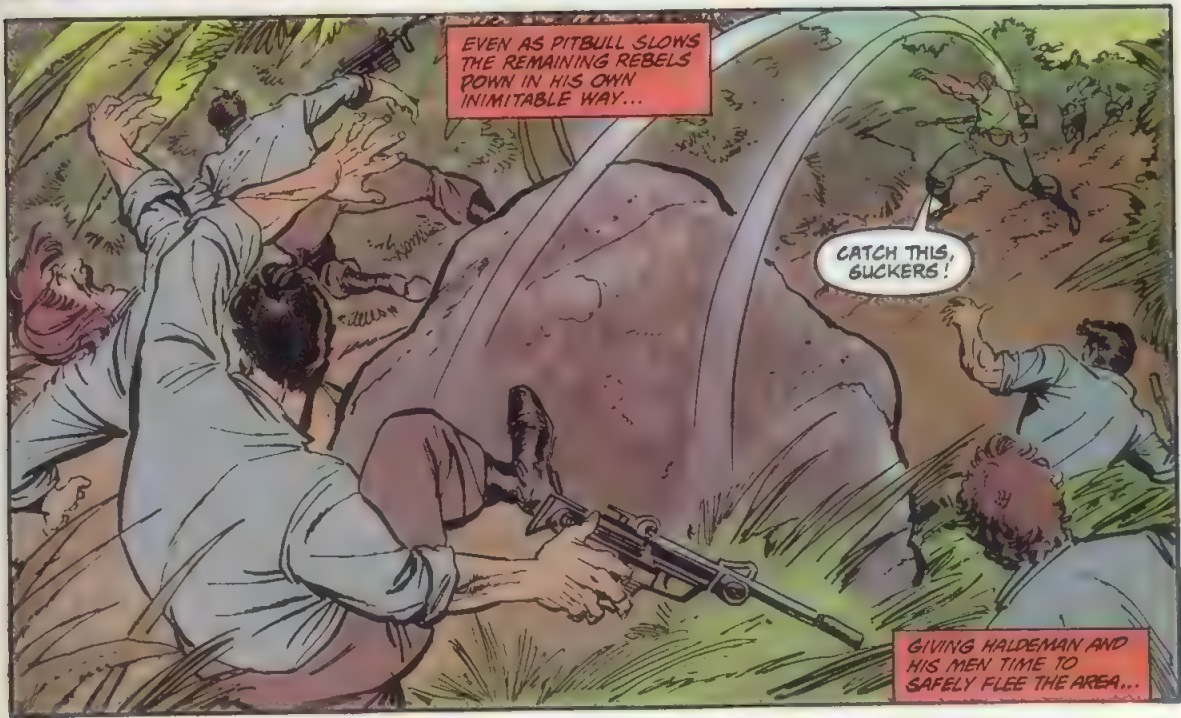
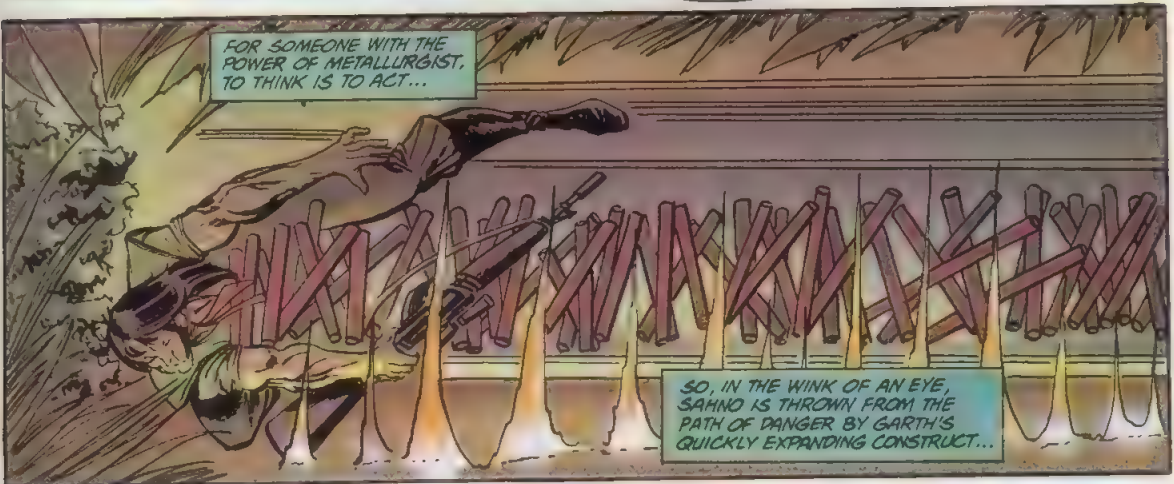


A CHANCE THAT
SOON COMES...



TAKE THAT! I'M
SICK OF YOU CREEPS
CHASING ME!

SICK! DO
YOU HEAR ME!



WHILE OUT TO SEA...

...AND THAT'S THE STORY, GENTLEMEN...

THE CUBAN VESSELS ARE RUSHING TOWARD THE SOUTH AFRICAN COAST AT TOP SPEED...

AND OUR PEOPLE ARE STILL THERE.

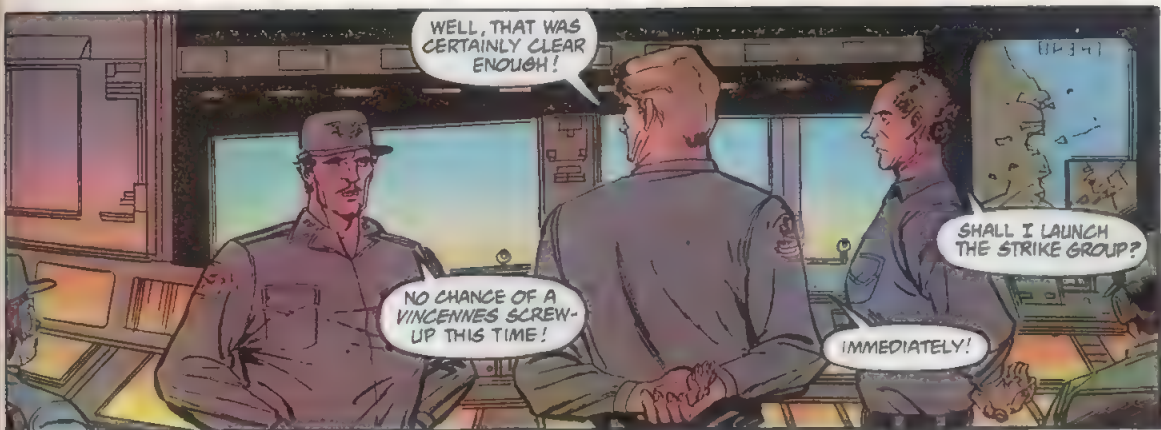
NOW, WE AMERICANS REMAIN A PEACE-LOVING FOLK...

EVEN THOUGH WE HAVE JUST ESCAPED A FULL-SCALE NUCLEAR WAR BY AN AS-YET-UNEXPLAINED MIRACLE...

I STILL CANNOT PERMIT OUR PEOPLE TO BECOME PREY TO THE MINIONS OF SOME POWER-HUNGRY DICTATOR.

THEREFORE, BY THE POWER INVESTED IN ME AS COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF OF THE MILITARY, I ORDER YOU TO STOP THOSE SHIPS!

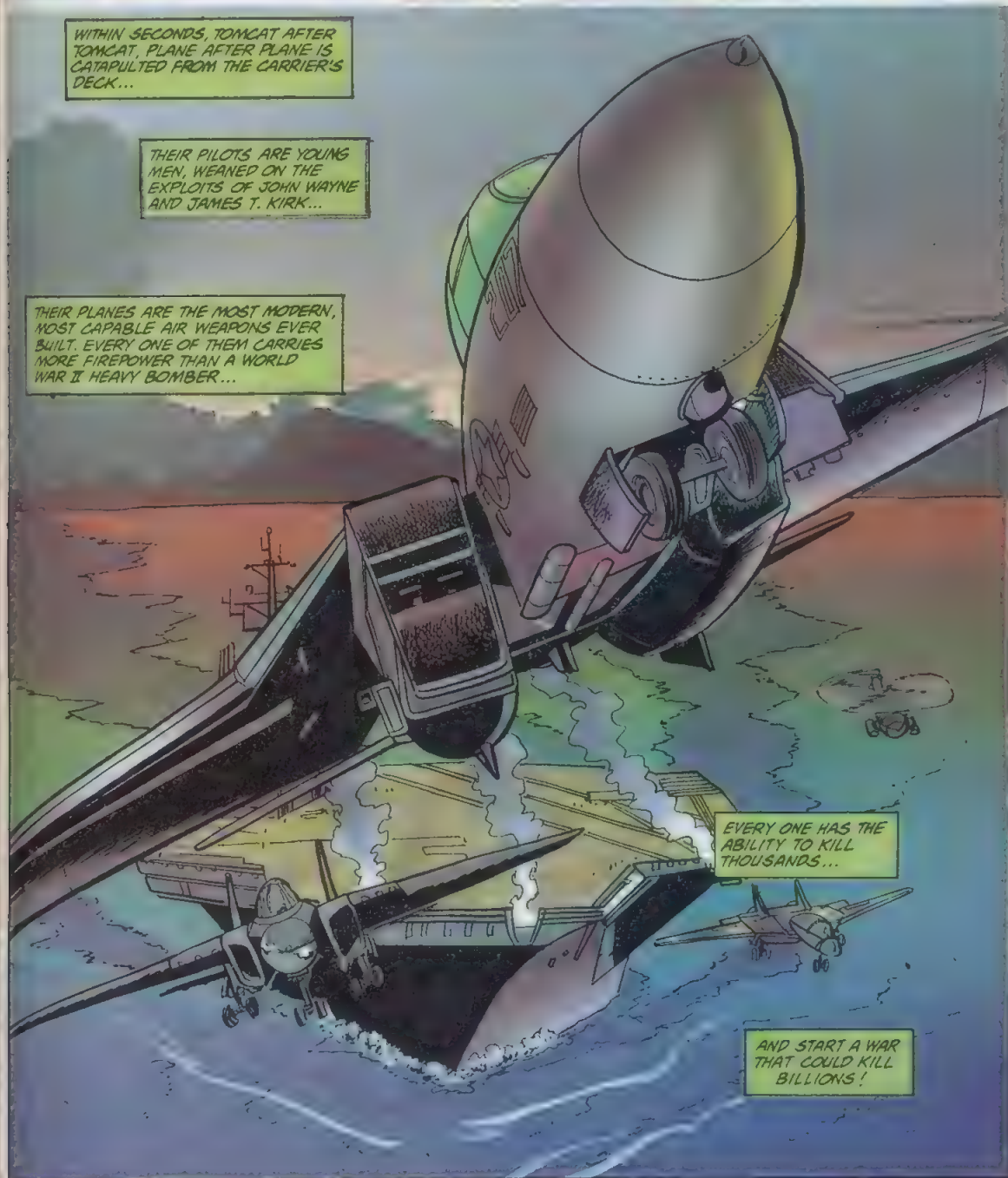
EVEN IF YOU HAVE TO SINK EVERY ONE OF THEM!



WITHIN SECONDS, TOMCAT AFTER TOMCAT, PLANE AFTER PLANE IS CATAPULTED FROM THE CARRIER'S DECK...

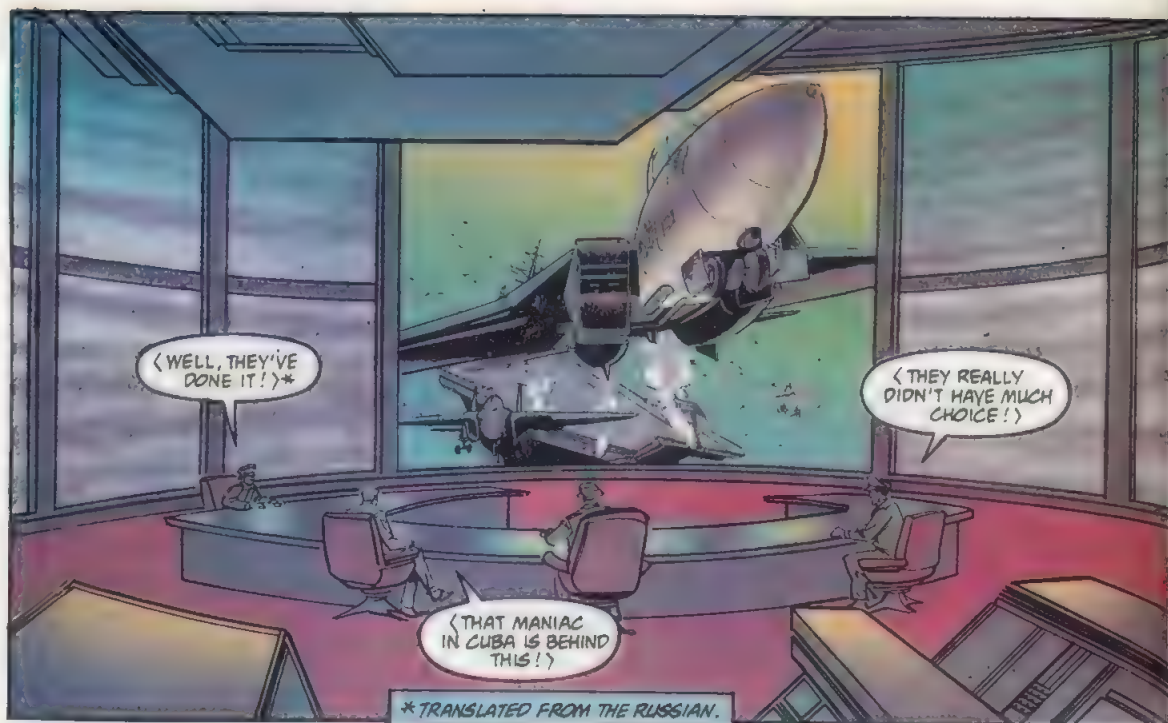
THEIR PILOTS ARE YOUNG MEN, WEANED ON THE EXPLOITS OF JOHN WAYNE AND JAMES T. KIRK...

THEIR PLANES ARE THE MOST MODERN, MOST CAPABLE AIR WEAPONS EVER BUILT. EVERY ONE OF THEM CARRIES MORE FIREPOWER THAN A WORLD WAR II HEAVY BOMBER...



EVERY ONE HAS THE ABILITY TO KILL THOUSANDS...

AND START A WAR THAT COULD KILL BILLIONS!

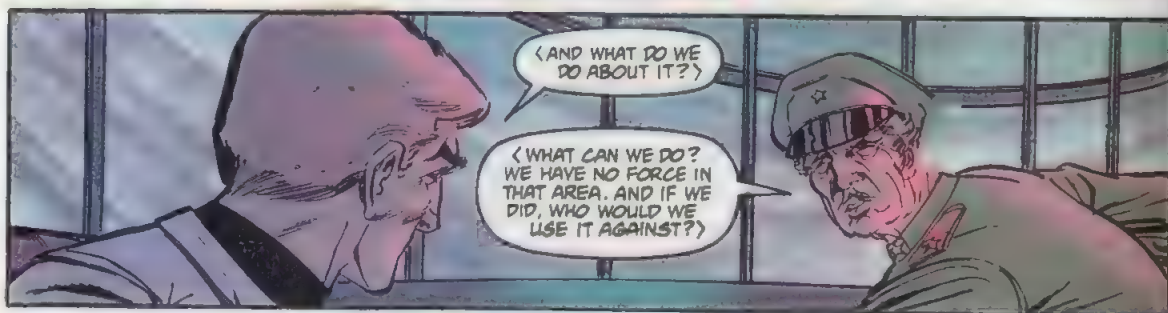


< WELL, THEY'VE
DONE IT! * >

< THEY REALLY
DIDN'T HAVE MUCH
CHOICE! >

< THAT MANIAC
IN CUBA IS BEHIND
THIS! >

* TRANSLATED FROM THE RUSSIAN.



< AND WHAT DO WE
DO ABOUT IT? >

< WHAT CAN WE DO?
WE HAVE NO FORCE IN
THAT AREA. AND IF WE
DID, WHO WOULD WE
USE IT AGAINST? >



< AND YET, WHILE THE
AMERICANS ARE SO...
OCCUPIED, IS THERE NOT
SOMETHING WE COULD
DO? >

< YOU MEAN? >

< WE HAVE OUR TANK
DIVISIONS STANDING READY
ON THE EUROPEAN PLAINS.
SURELY WITH NO THREAT OF
A NUCLEAR RESPONSE...? >

< OF COURSE! >



< IT IS A PERFECT
TIME! A PERFECT TIME
TO LAUNCH WORLD
WAR III! >

< OUR
WAY! >

AS THE MEN OF THE KREMLIN BEGIN THEIR PLANS TO MARCH ACROSS EUROPE, SGT. HALDEMAN AND THE REMNANTS OF THE PARANORMAL FORCE FINALLY REACH THE END OF THEIR LONG FLIGHT...

ABOUT TIME! WE MUST BE ALMOST BACK TO WHERE WE STARTED FROM!

YEAH! THERE'S THE EDGE OF THE BUSH-- WE'RE ONLY A LITTLE WAY FROM THAT SOUTH AFRICAN BORDER CAMP.

STAY CLOSE BEHIND AND...

I THINK WE LOST 'EM, SARGE!

WHOOO!

A FEW GASPING MOMENTS LATER...

SORRY ABOUT THAT, SERGEANT, BUT BELIEVE ME, I HAD A GOOD REASON!

I HOPE SO! YOU ALMOST BROKE MY RIBS... CAPTAIN!

THIS WAY... AND QUIETLY.

A FEW QUIETLY COVERED YARDS LATER...

AS YOU CAN SEE, OUR "FRIENDS" ARE UNDER ATTACK --AND BELIEVE ME, THEY'RE READY TO SHOOT ANYTHING THAT MOVES!

AND WE'D HAVE BEEN JUST ANOTHER MOVING TARGET! THANKS, CAPTAIN. MY RIBS AND I BOTH FORGIVE YOU!



NOW, HERE'S
WHAT I WANT
TO DO...

IT'LL HAVE TO WAIT!
WE GOT COMPANY!

DON'T THOSE
SUCKERS EVER
GIVE UP?!



ALL OF
YOU, SHUT
UP NOW!

HEY MAN, HOW
DO I GET OUT OF
THIS CHICKEN
OUTFIT!

STAY IN A
CIRCLE. DON'T
LET THEM GET
TOO CLOSE!

TOO BAD! CLOSE
IS WHERE I DO MY
BEST WORK!



HERE THEY COME--
SAHNO, I THINK IT'S
TIME!

PAST
TIME, GIR!



READY?

YEAH. WHATEVER
HAPPENS NOW, IT'S
ON THEIR HEADS!

AS JACK MAGNICONTE AND THE PARANORMAL FORCE PREPARE FOR WHAT MAY WELL BE THEIR LAST STAND, DEEP IN THE AFRIKAAN CAMP.

OHNNNNH!

MAJOR?
YOU OKAY?

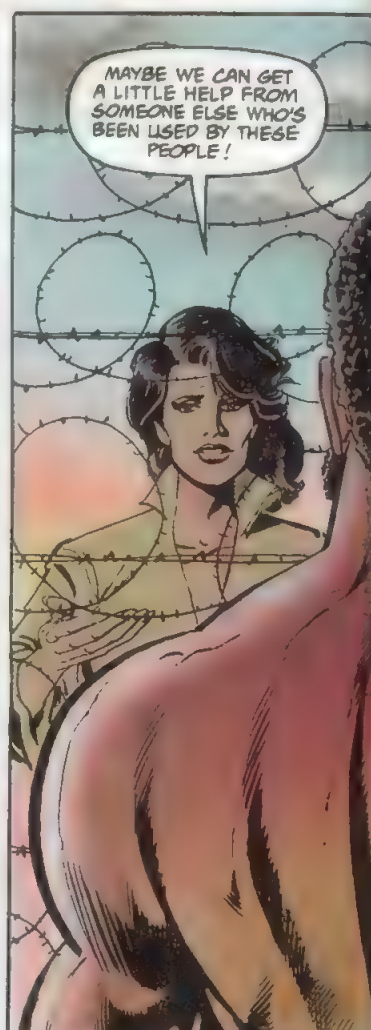
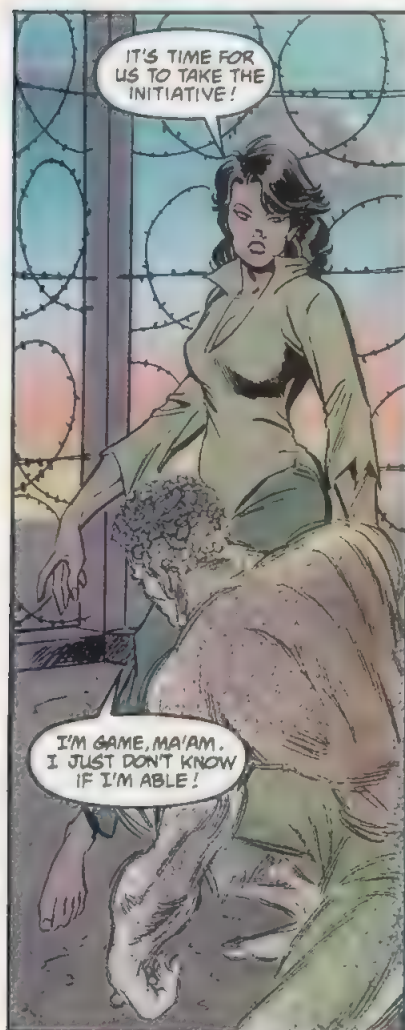
JEFF?! YOU'RE
AWAKE!

THANKS TO YOU,
MAJOR. I'VE GOT
TO TELL YOU...

TALK COMES LATER--
LET'S FIGURE OUT A
WAY OUT OF HERE
FIRST.

WHAT'S GOIN' ON?
LOOKS LIKE SOMEONE'S
REALLY STIRRIN' THINGS
UP OUT THERE!

DO YOU SUPPOSE
IT'S THE CAPTAIN AND
THE OTHERS?



DEEP IN THE PERSIAN GULF,
KEITH REMSEN LOOKS OUT
AT THE PEACE OF THE SEA.
A PEACE ABOUT TO BE
BROKEN ONCE AGAIN...



ANY SECOND
NOW...

POOF!

HELLO, MOOK.
IT'S ABOUT TIME!

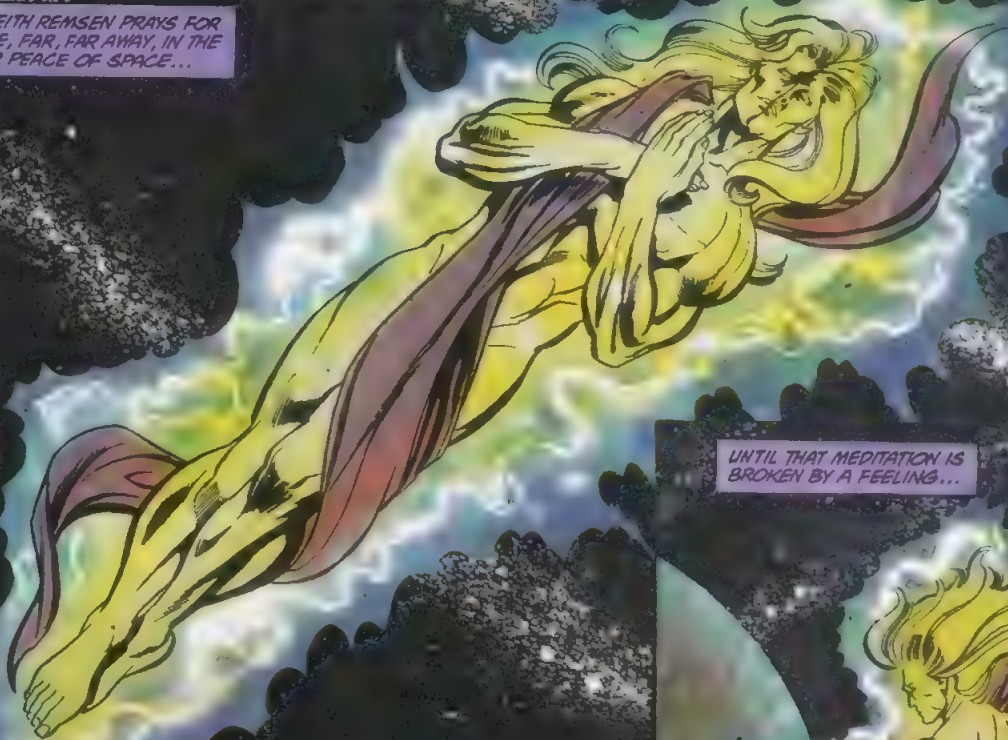
YOU DARE TALK LIKE
THAT! TO ME! I BRING
YOUR DEATH! REAL
DEATH, NOT THE FICTION
OF YOUR "DREAMS"!

TRUE DEATH! DEATH
TO YOU AND THE CREW
OF THIS ACCURSED
SHIP!



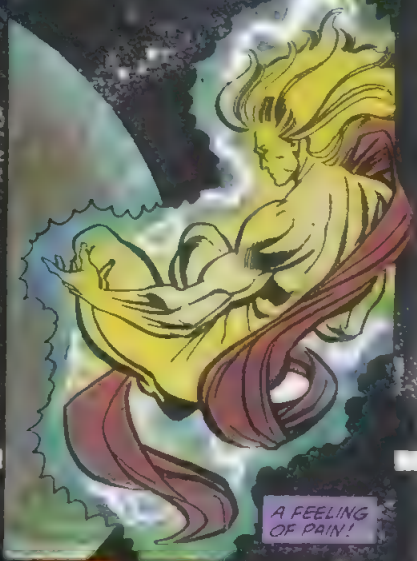


AS KEITH REMSEN PRAYS FOR
PEACE, FAR, FAR AWAY, IN THE
UTTER PEACE OF SPACE...



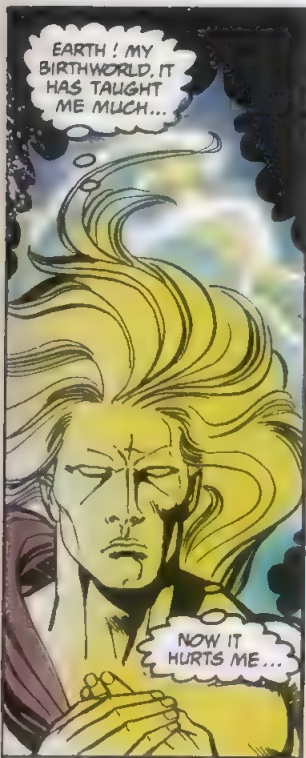
UNTIL THAT MEDITATION IS
BROKEN BY A FEELING...

THE STAR CHILD, THE LIVING
PERSONIFICATION OF THE
STAR BRAND, SLEEPS, MEDI-
TATING ON ITSELF AND THE
UNIVERSE AROUND IT...



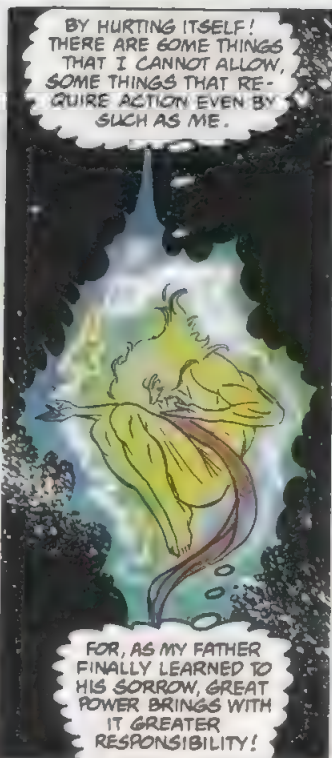
A FEELING
OF PAIN!

EARTH! MY
BIRTHWORLD, IT
HAS TAUGHT
ME MUCH...



NOW IT
HURTS ME...

BY HURTING ITSELF!
THERE ARE SOME THINGS
THAT I CANNOT ALLOW,
SOME THINGS THAT RE-
QUIRE ACTION EVEN BY
SUCH AS ME.



FOR, AS MY FATHER
FINALLY LEARNED TO
HIS SORROW, GREAT
POWER BRINGS WITH
IT GREATER
RESPONSIBILITY!

RESPONSIBILITY
FOR ALL LIVING
THINGS!

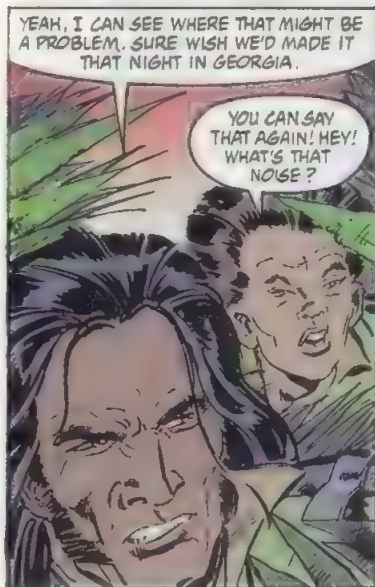


NEXT ISSUE

AFTERMATH

ACEDMATI

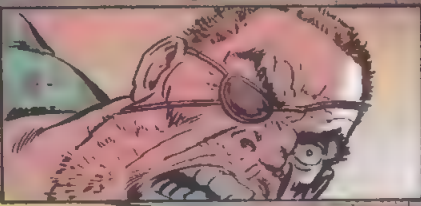




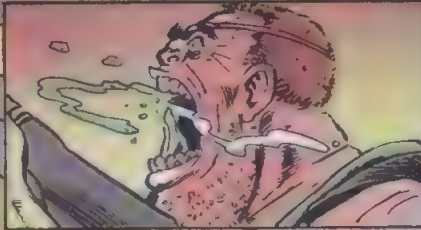
AND WHILE THE LEADERS OF THE WORLD PLAY THEIR BEST MOVIES DEEP IN THE JUNGLES OF MOZAMBIQUE A MAN WHO'S KITH ONLY ONE PLAN. ONE THOUGHT.

A SCARLET THOUGHT! TO KILL! ANYBODY. ANYTHING! JUST KILL AND KILL AND KILL!

HE'S LOST IT!
YOU CAN SAY THAT AGAIN!

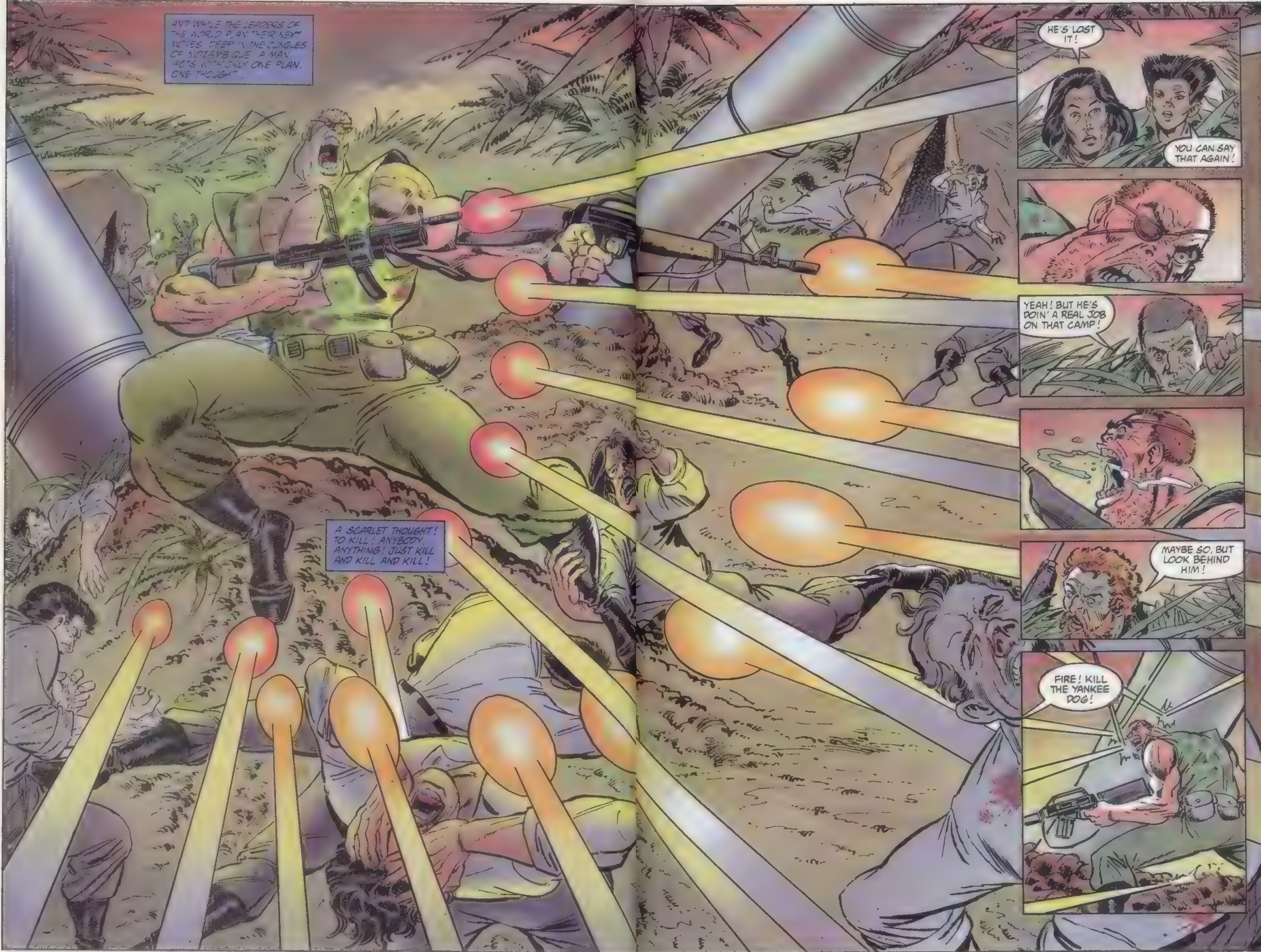


YEAH! BUT HE'S DOIN' A REAL JOB ON THAT CAMP!



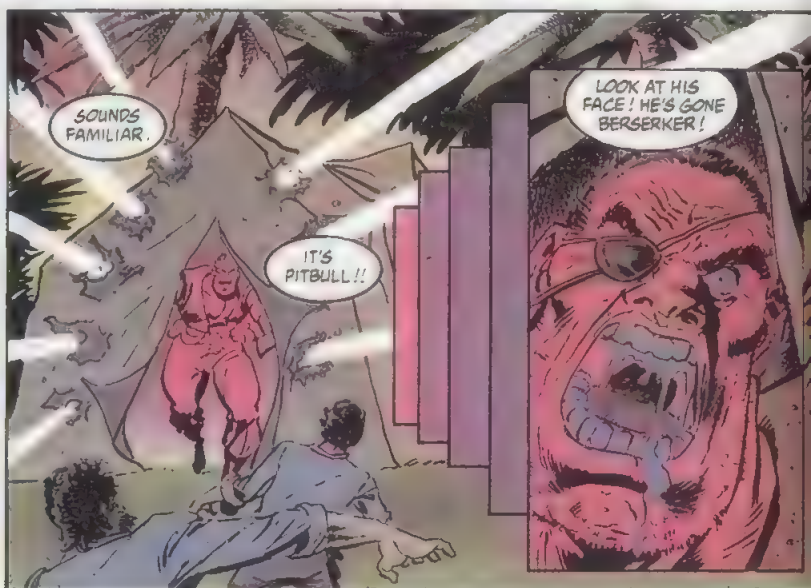
MAYBE SO, BUT LOOK BEHIND HIM!

FIRE! KILL THE YANKEE DOG!



GET MATTHEWS
ACROSS! I'LL HANDLE
THIS WALKING
SUITCASE!







AND WHILE THE LEADERS OF
THE WORLD PLAN THEIR NEXT
MOVES, DEEP IN THE JUNGLES
OF MOZAMBIQUE, A MAN
ACTS WITH ONLY ONE PLAN.
ONE THOUGHT...

A SCARLET THOUGHT!
TO KILL! ANYBODY.
ANYTHING! JUST KILL
AND KILL AND KILL!





GET MATTHEWS
ACROSS! I'LL HANDLE
THIS WALKING
SUITCASE!



